Hast thou no Letters to me from the Frier?

Man. No my good Lord.

Exit.

Ro. No matter get thee gone,
And hyre those horses, I le be with thee straight.
Well *Iuliet*, I will lie with thee to night:
Lets see for meanes, O mischiefe thou art swift,
To enter in the thoughts of desperate men.
I do remember an Appothacarie,
And here abouts a dwells which late I noted,
In tattred weeds with ouerwhelming browes,
Culling of simples, meager were his lookes,
Sharpe miserie had worne him to the bones:
And in his needie shop a tortoyes hung,
An allegater stuft, and other skins,
Of ill shapte fishes, and about his shelues,
A beggerly account of emptie boxes,
Greene earthen pots, bladders and mustie seedes,
Remnants of packthred, and old cakes of Roses
Were thinly scattered, to make vp a shew.
Noting this penury, to my selfe I said,
An if a man did need a poyson now,
Whose sale is present death in *Mantua*,
Here liues a Catiffe wretch would sell it him.
O this same thought did but forerun my need,
And this same needie man must sell it me.
As I remember this should be the house,
Being holy day, the beggers shop is shut.
What ho Appothecarie.

Appo. Who calls so lowd?

Rom. Come hither man, I see that thou art poore.
Hold, there is fortie duckets, let me haue
A dram of poyson, such soone speeding geare,
As will dispearse it selfe through all the veines,
That the life-wearie-taker may fall dead,
And that the Trunke may be discharged of breath,
As violently, as hastie powder fierd

Doth

Doth hurry from the fatall Canons wombe.

Poti. Such mortall drugs I haue, but *Mantuas* lawe
Is death to any he that vtters them.

Ro. Art thou so bare and full of wretchednesse,
And fearest to die, famine is in thy cheekes,
Need and oppression starueth in thy eyes,
Contempt and beggerie hangs vpon thy backe:
The world is not thy friend, nor the worlds law,
The world affoords no law to make thee rich:
Then be not poore, but breake it and take this.

Poti. My pouertie, but not my will consents.

Ro. I pray thy pouertie and not thy will.

Poti. Put this in any liquid thing you will
And drinke it off, and if you had the strength
Of twentie men, it would dispatch you straight.

Ro. There is thy Gold, worse poyson to mens soules,
Doing more murther in this loathsome world,
Then these poore cõpounds that thou maiest not sell,
I sell thee poyson, thou hast sold me none,
Farewell, buy foode, and get thy selfe in flesh.
Come Cordiall and not poyson, go with me
To *Iuliets* graue, for there must I vse thee.

Exeunt.

Enter Frier Iohn *to Frier* Lawrence.

Ioh. Holy *Franciscan* Frier, brother, ho.

Enter Lawrence.

Law. This same should be the voyce of Frier *Iohn*,
Welcome from *Mantua*, what sayes *Romeo*?
Or if his minde be writ, giue me his Letter.

Ioh. Going to find a barefoote brother out,
One of our order to associate me,
Here in this Citie visiting the sicke,
And finding him, the Searchers of the Towne
Suspecting that we both were in a house,
Where the infectious pestilence did raigne,
Seald vp the doores, and would not let vs forth,
So that my speed to *Mantua* there was staid.

Law